TV COMIC 6D

Every Monday | Week Ending 26th December, 1964 | Number 680

A Merry Christmas, Everyone!

POPEYE

MY LITTLE ROOM DOESN'T LOOK VERY CHEERFUL. NEVER MIND—I'LL SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH ONE OF MY MANY FRIENDS.
SO... POPEYE, MAY I BE SO BOLD AS TO INVITE MYSELF TO YOUR FESTIVITIES?
NO, WIMPY, I DON'T WANT YOU HERE!
HOW STRANGE! I'D BETTER TRY OLIVE!
SLAM
OLIVE... MAY I...?
SORRY, WIMPY. I'M VERY BUSY!
SO... GRANDPA, I WONDER IF I...?
NOTHING DOING, SON. I'M JUST OFF OUT MYSELF!
LATER... I'VE TRIED ALL MY FRIENDS WITHOUT SUCCESS. IT LOOKS LIKE I MUST TRY BRUTO.
HUH! HE'S NOT HOME!
WOE IS ME! NOT A FRIEND IN THE WORLD. AND I CAN'T EVEN HAVE THE COMFORT OF A HAMBURGER.
WIMPY BAR
CLOSED FOR CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS
HO-HUM! IT LOOKS LIKE A CHEERLESS CHRISTMAS AT HOME ON MY OWN!
HI-YA, WIMPY! SORRY WE COULDN'T INVITE YOU INTO OUR HOMES, BUT WE WERE PREPARING THIS SPECIAL SURPRISE FOR YOU IN YOUR OWN PLACE!
AND YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO WISH ALL TV COMIC READERS A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!
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DOCTOR WHO

DR. WHO, John and Gillian are in the 30th century, where they are helping the Thains to defeat the Kleptons, but they are captured and thrown into prison . . .

WE MUST ESCAPE! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! THE KLEPTONS MUST BE DEFEATED IF THE THAINS ARE TO BE SAVED FROM DISASTER!

BUT HOW, GRANDFATHER? THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF THIS CELL!

THEN A SUDDEN SHOUT FROM JOHN...

WE'RE NOT BEATEN YET! I'VE GOT ONE OF THE HEAT GUNS THE THAINS GAVE US! I'D FORGOTTEN I HAD IT UNTIL NOW! THIS'LL HELP US TURN THE TABLES ON THE KLEPTONS!

SPLENDID, MY BOY, SPLENDID! WE'LL SOON BE OUT OF THIS PRISON NOW!

RIGHT! HERE GOES! WE'RE BACK IN ACTION!

AS JOHN SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER, A SEARING BOLT OF HEAT BLASTS THROUGH THE CELL DOOR...

WE'VE DONE IT! QUICK—OUT OF THE CELL!

NEXT MOMENT...

THE PRISONERS ARE OUT! BLAST THEM DOWN! DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE!

GRAB THE GUN, GRANDFATHER! OPEN FIRE! I'LL GET THE OTHER GUARD!

JOHN! BE CAREFUL! THEIR GUNS CAN BLOW YOU TO PIECES!

THAT'S DEALT WITH THAT UGLY CUSTOMER!

SWEET DREAMS, KLEPTON!

QUICK! BACK TO THE AIRLOCK! WE'LL GET AWAY IN A FLYING MACHINE!

NO—THAT'S THE FIRST PLACE THE KLEPTONS WILL SEARCH FOR US! WE MUST MAKE FOR THE REACTOR AND CONTACT THE THAINS WHO ARE HELD PRISONER THERE!

© BBC tv 1964.

MINUTES LATER, THEY REACH THE PRISON CAMP BY THE GIANT REACTOR WHICH PROVIDES THE KLEPTONS' POWER...

THAINS — WE NEED YOUR HELP! WE HAVE COME FROM VALDA, YOUR LEADER, TO HELP YOU TO ESCAPE! BUT THE KLEPTONS ARE AFTER US!

CAREFUL, FRIEND, THIS WIRE CAGE IS ELECTRIFIED!

QUICKLY DOCTOR WHO TURNS OFF THE ELECTRICITY AND...

WE WILL HIDE YOU, FRIENDS! QUICKLY, IN THROUGH THE WIRE!

GET A MOVE ON! THE KLEPTONS MUST KNOW THAT WE'VE ESCAPED! THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

HIDE IN OUR LIVING QUARTERS! YOU SHOULD BE SAFE THERE!

MANY THANKS! IF OUR PLANS WORK, WE'LL SOON HAVE YOU OUT OF THIS BLACK HOLE!

NEXT MOMENT, A SCORE OF KLEPTONS GUARDS BURSTS INTO THE COMPOUND...

- THREE PRISONER - FRIENDS OF YOU THAINS HAVE ESCAPED! HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?

HERE? NO, NOT A SIGN OF THEM! YOU SHOULD TRY THE AIRLOCK — THEY'LL ATTEMPT TO LEAVE THE CITY!

YOU ARE SAFE FOR A WHILE! THE GUARDS HAVE GONE OFF TO THE AIRLOCK!

GOOD! NOW WE MUST SPEAK TO ALL THE PRISONERS! WE'LL PREPARE A PLAN TO ESCAPE AND DEFEAT THE KLEPTONS BEFORE THEY COMPLETELY OVERRUN YOUR CITY AND TURN YOU ALL INTO SLAVES!

NEVILLE MAIN

Don't miss next week's exciting adventure!

FOO FOO and GOGO

BY HALAS & BATCHELOR

IT'S TIME WE BEGAN TO BE MORE FRIENDLY TOWARDS EACH OTHER...

COME ALONG-LET'S GO AND COLLECT SOME HOLLY TO DECORATE THE HOUSE FOR CHRISTMAS...

OW!

PRICK!

GRR! NOW I HAVE A SORE THUMB-ALL THROUGH YOU AND YOUR HOLLY!

HUSH! DON'T LET'S FALL OUT OVER SUCH A TRIFLE!

SLIP!

YERK!

BLAM!

YEOW! HELP! THIS HOLLY HAS STUCK THROUGH MY BEARD! HELP! OW! OW!

NOW DON'T FUSS! IT WILL COME OUT EASILY-LET ME HELP YOU...

CHRISTMAS DAY...

NOW TO PUT UP OUR NICE HOLLY...

HEH! HEH! I'LL PUT MY NICE HOLLY INSIDE THIS CUSHION-THAT WILL SHOW HIM JUST HOW PRICKLY IT IS... (HAW! HAW!)

COME ON, OLD CHAP! DINNER'S READY AND I'VE PUT A NICE CUSHION ON YOUR CHAIR TO MAKE YOU REALLY COMFORTABLE!

BUT I WOULDN'T DREAM OF TAKING IT, -YOU SIT ON IT!

ZONK!

YEOW!

?

NOW, NOW! I KNOW IT'S EXCITING, BUT YOU REALLY MUST CONTROL YOURSELF! WHATEVER WILL OUR READERS THINK?

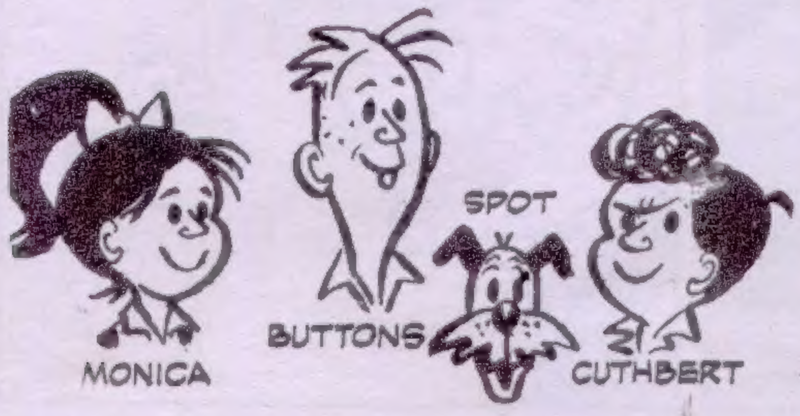
YES, YES! OUCH! OF COURSE! YEOW! -ER, HAPPY CHRISTMAS READERS! HA! HA! -OUCH!

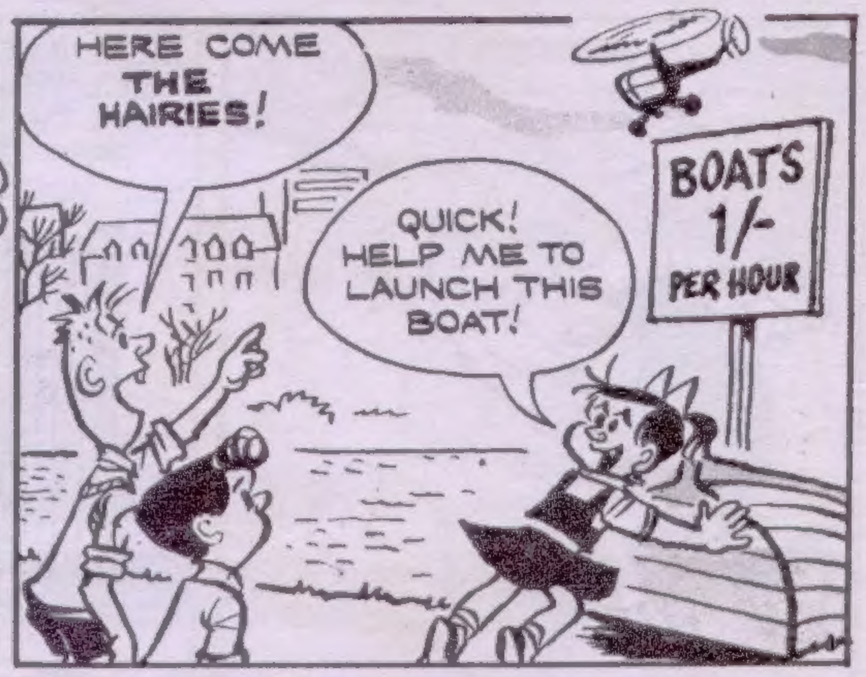
POP

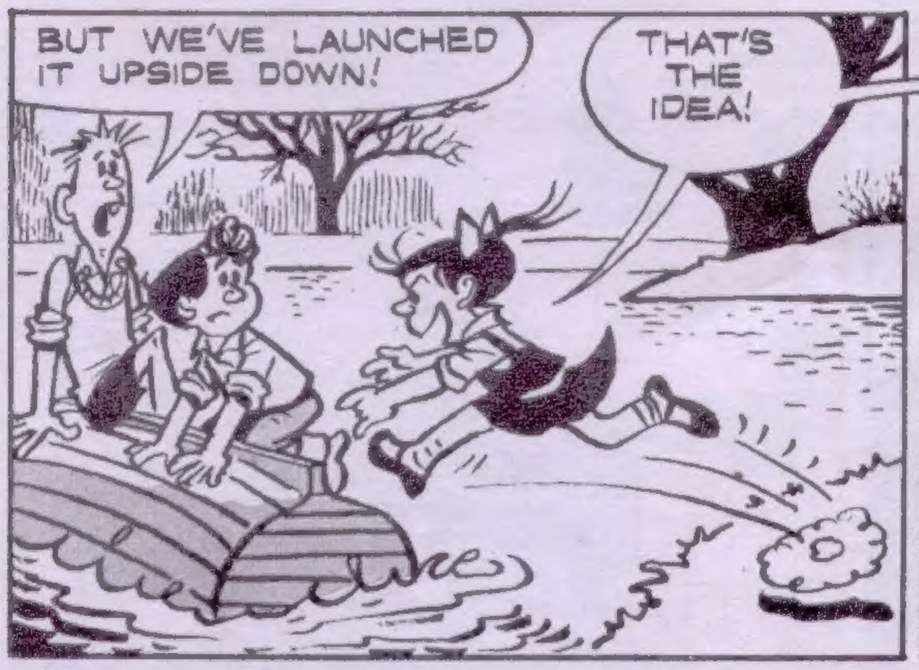
Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo".

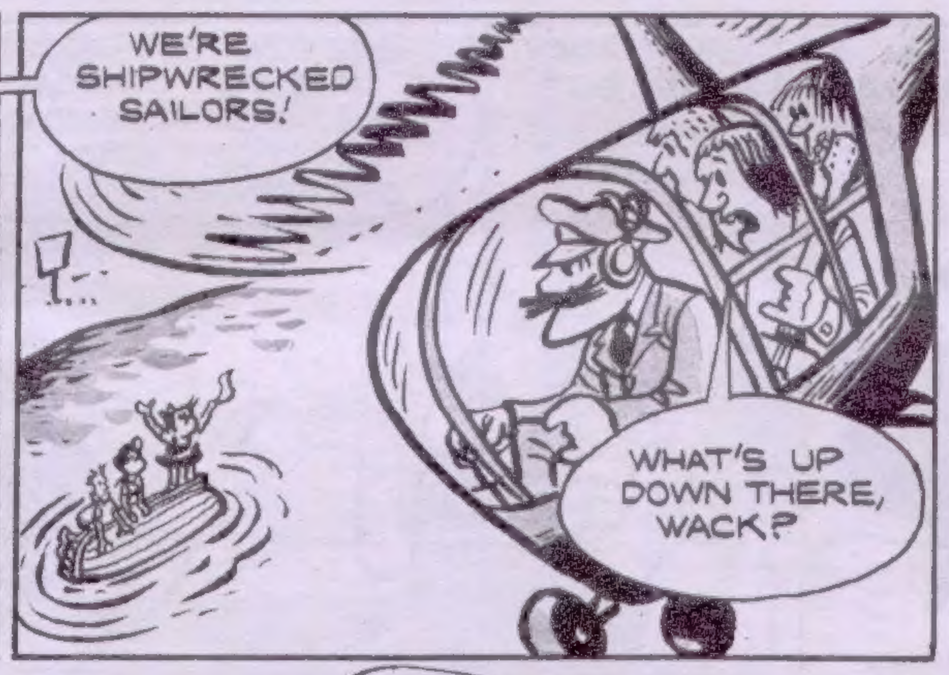
More Foo Foo fun next week!

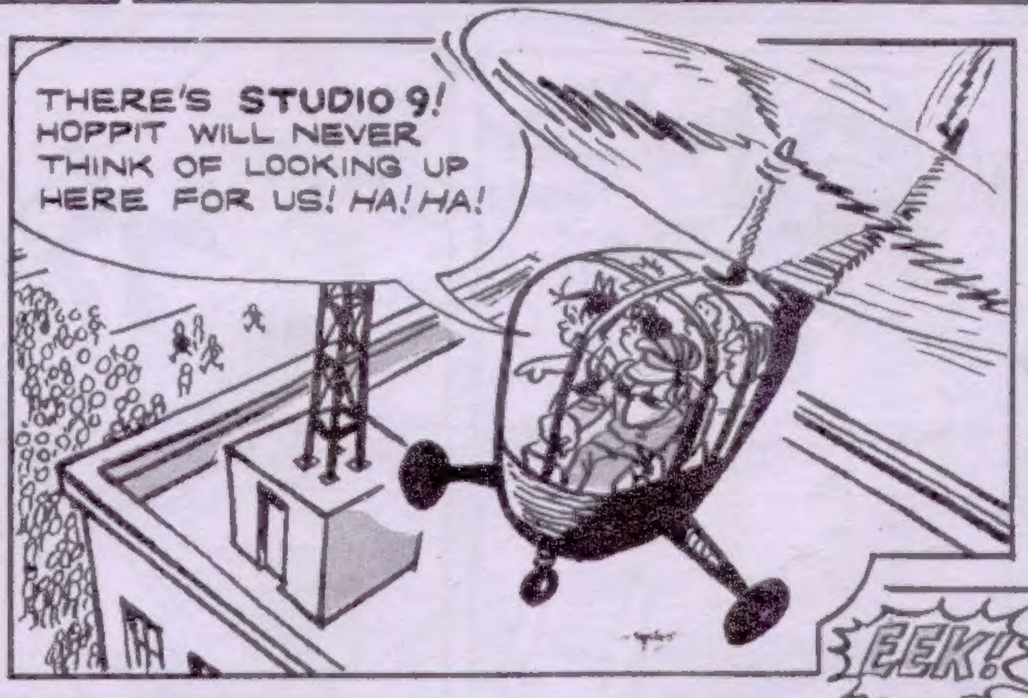
TV TERRORS





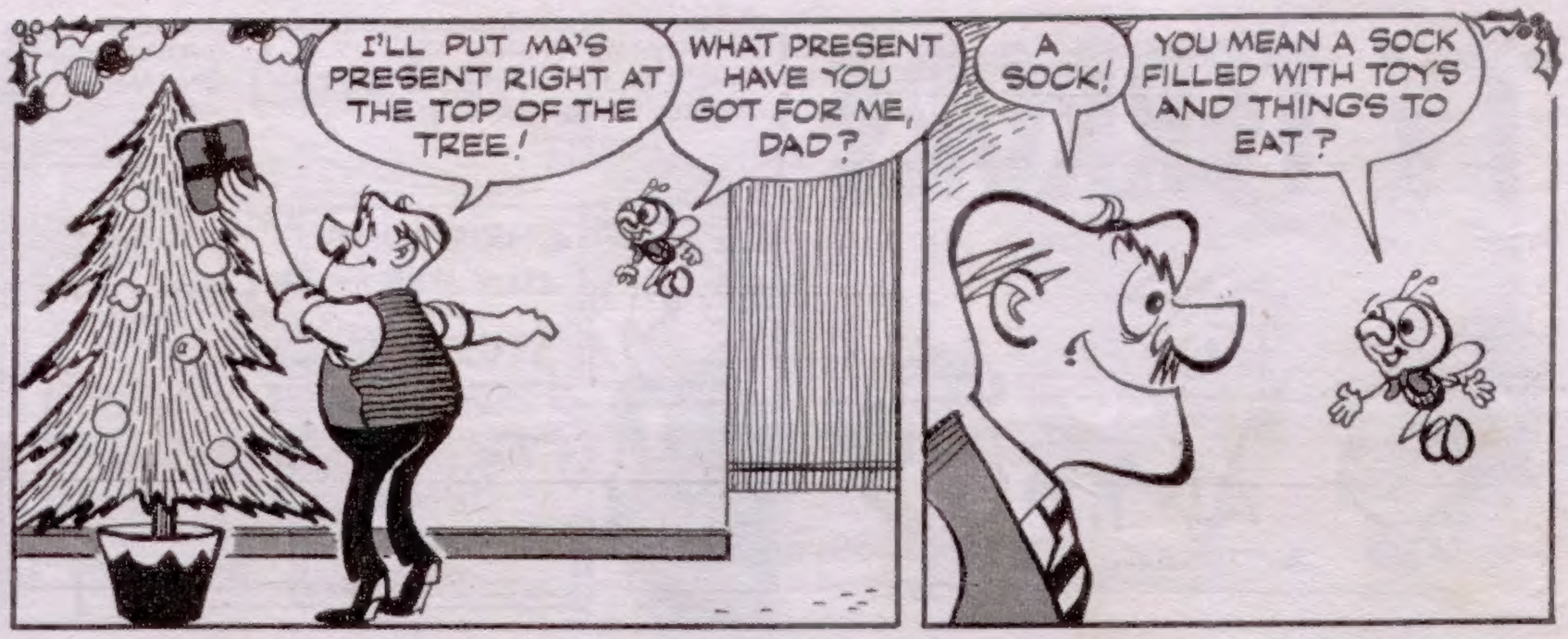


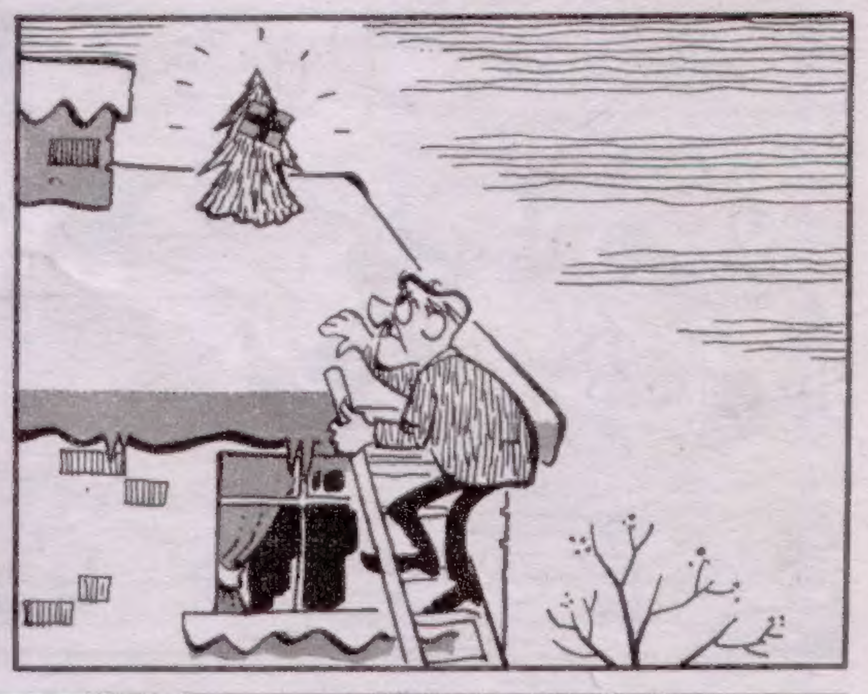


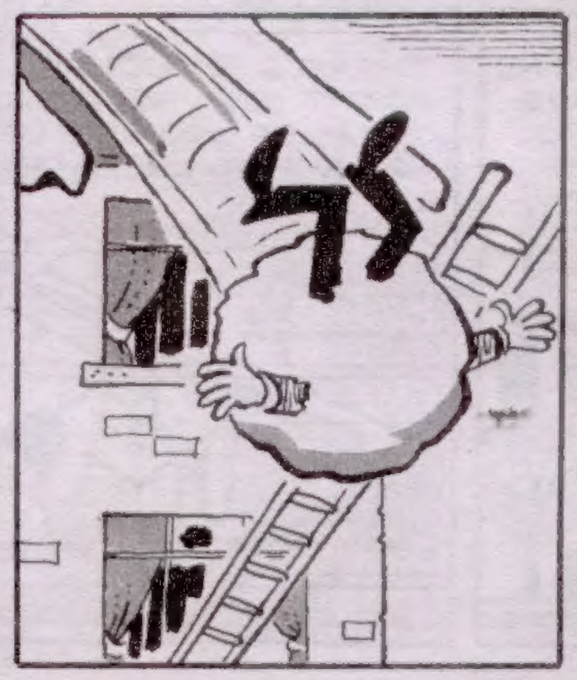


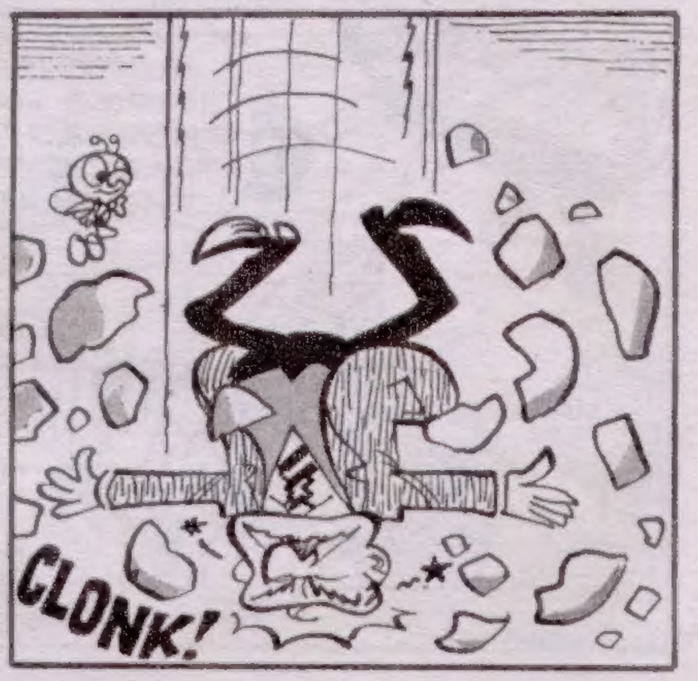
Snow fun for Hoppit next week!

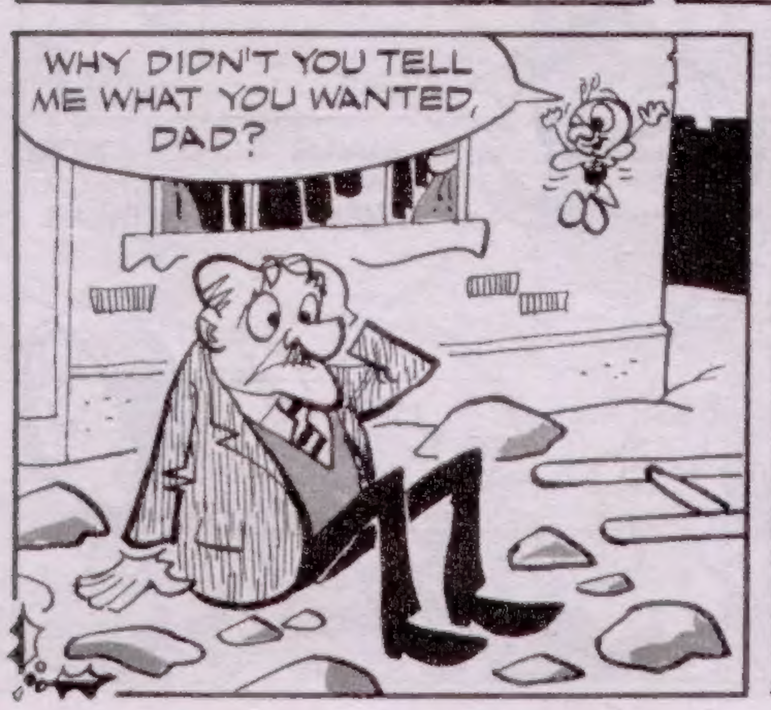
MIGHTY MOTH


I'LL PUT MA'S PRESENT RIGHT AT THE TOP OF THE TREE!
WHAT PRESENT HAVE YOU GOT FOR ME, DAD?
A SOCK!
YOU MEAN A SOCK FILLED WITH TOYS AND THINGS TO EAT?



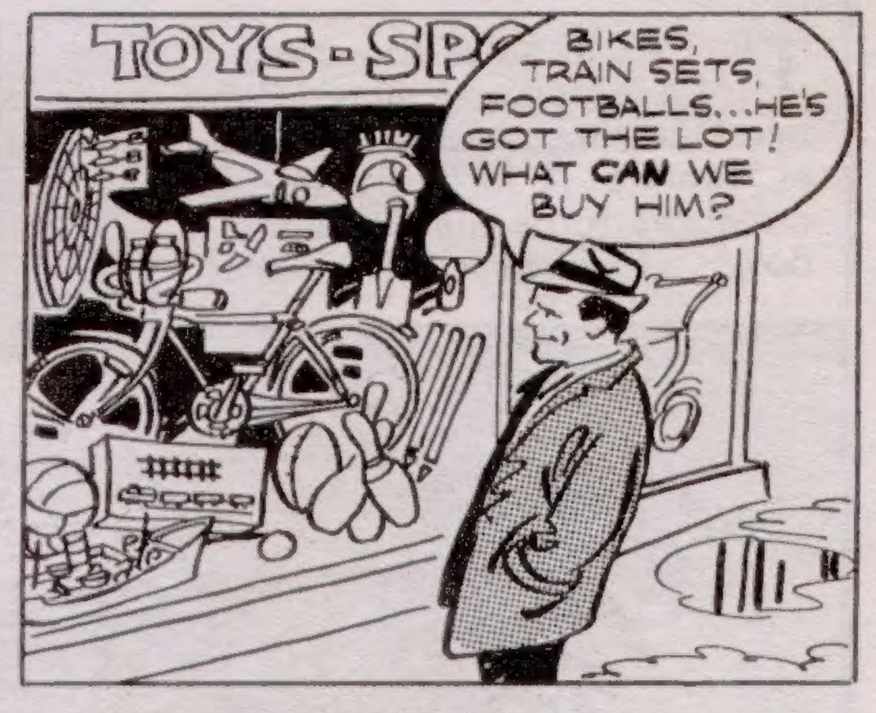


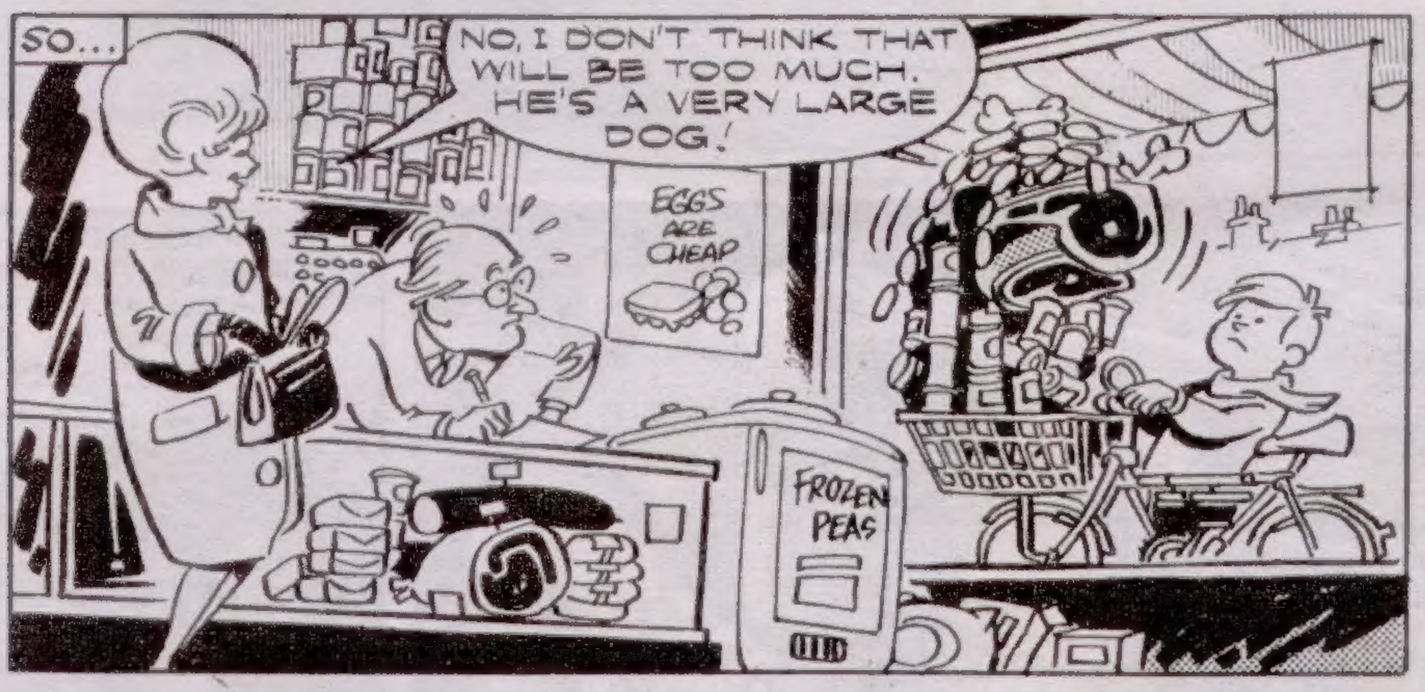


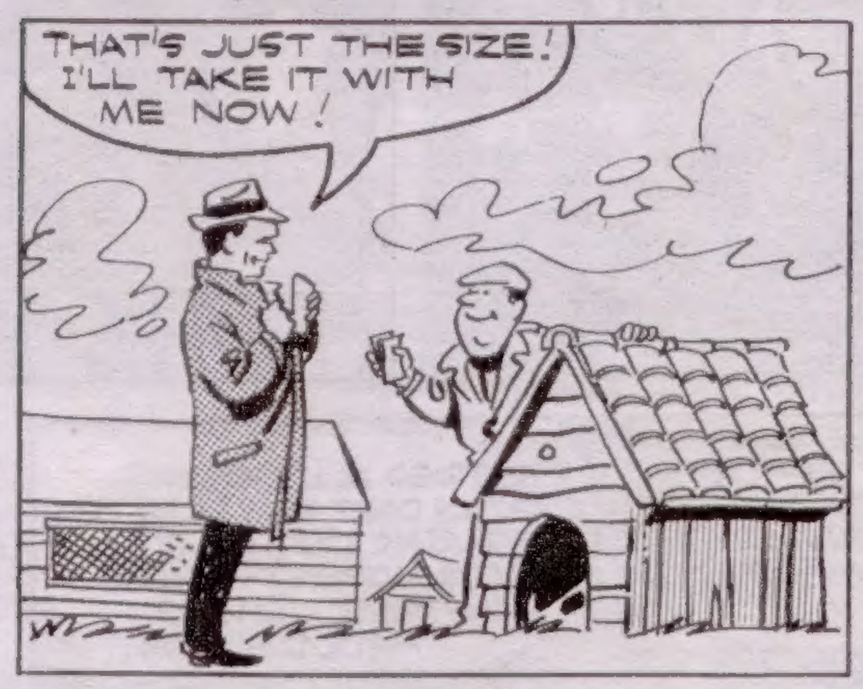


Next week—Fresh Frozen Dad!

THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY







Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show".

Next week Dickie's in a flat spin!

SPACE PATROL

by ROBERTA LEIGH

TRYING to solve the mystery of a looted spaceliner, Captain Dart flies close to the planet Humida. A force of bat-like creatures force the Galasphere down towards the planet.

WE'RE SLOWING DOWN! THEY EVEN HAVE THE STRENGTH TO STOP US AT THIS SPEED!

BRACE YOURSELVES FOR A BUMPY LANDING, AND BE READY FOR ANYTHING!

THIS IS CRAZY, PROF! THEY SLOW US DOWN TO A SAFE LANDING GLIDE, THEN THEY CLEAR OFF!

SURE, AN' WHAT'S WORRYING ME IS *WHERE ARE WE GLIDING INTO?*

THE ONLY SOUND IS THE QUIET SWISH AS THE GREAT DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THEM...

LARRY! THAT'S NO ORDINARY DOOR...WE'RE IN A HUGE AIRLOCK!

AN AMAZING SIGHT GREETS THEM AS THE INNER DOOR OF THE AIRLOCK SLIDES OPEN...

SPACESHIPS! A WHOLE FLEE OF THEM!

AN EXCITED SHOUT FROM SLIM BRINGS THEM QUICKLY TO HIS SIDE...

GOOD GRIEF! WE'VE FOUND THEM — THE MISSING SCIENTISTS!

SLIM AND HUSKY, YOU TWO WILL STAY ON WATCH WHILE THE PROF. AND I TAKE A LOOK ROUND. THERE ARE ONE OR TWO QUESTIONS WE WANT TO ASK THOSE SCIENTISTS!

PROFESSOR WATKINS! ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU AND ALL THE OTHERS! WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE...?

BEJABERS! HE WALKED STRAIGHT PAST ME! ME OULD FRIEND WATKINS— HE DIDN'T RECOGNISE ME!

HE DIDN'T EV SEE YOU, PR THEY ALL SE TO BE HYPNOTI

A FLEET OF SPACESHIPS BEING PREPARED FOR TAKE-OFF BY A TEAM OF HYPNOTISED SCIENTISTS! IT MUST BE A NIGHTMARE!

I GUESS WE'LL BE SAFER ABOARD OUR SHIP FOR THE TIME BEING!

IN THEIR ABSENCE SLIM HAS MADE EVERY EFFORT TO CONTACT SPACE PATROL H.Q. BUT HIS INSTRUMENTS REMAIN SILENT AND DEAD...

I'VE TRIED ALL I KNOW, CAPTAIN DART, BUT I CAN'T GET A SQUEAK OUT OF IT! *WAIT A MOMENT— THERE'S SOMETHING COMING THROUGH NOW!*

YOU'RE GETTING SOMETHING, SLIM... BUT IT'S NOT SPACE CONTROL H.Q.

WELCOME TO MY PLANET, CAPTAIN DART!

IT CAN'T BE... LARRY, 'TIS JOHN MAGNUM! THE MAN WHO IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE DIED SEVENTY YEARS AGO!

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Don't miss the super thrills in next week's TV

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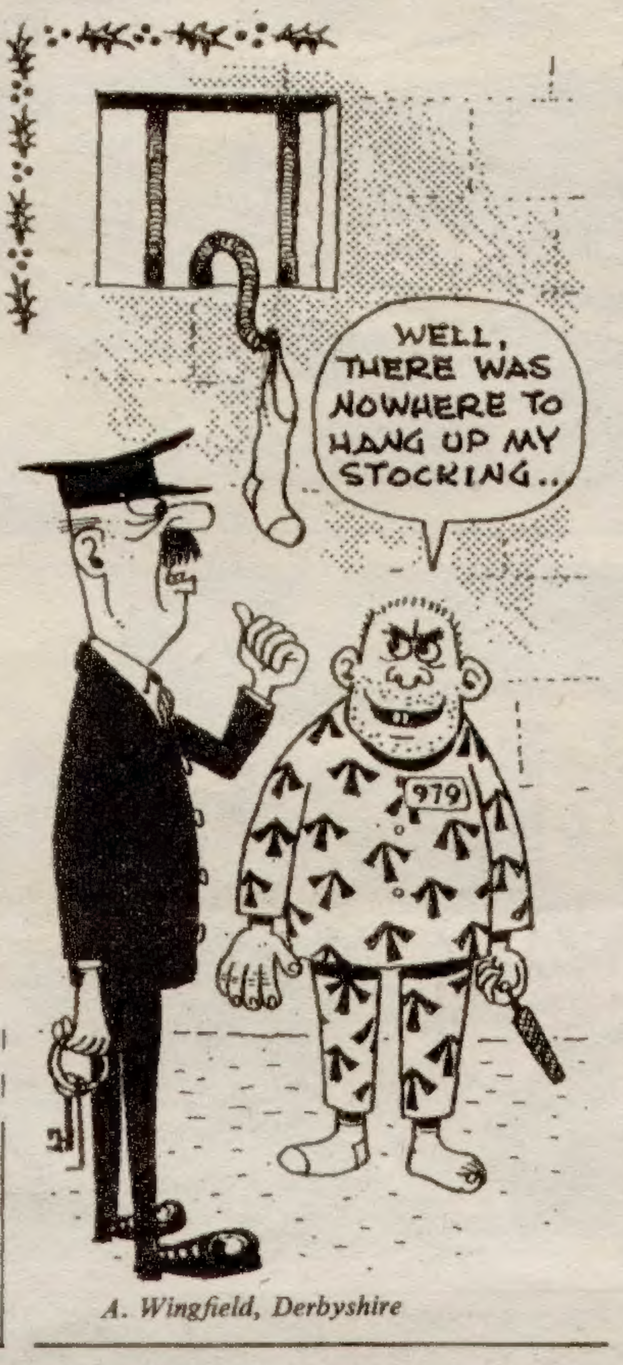
MEVIN

Don't miss the super-thrills in next week's TV Comic

Pick of the Jokes

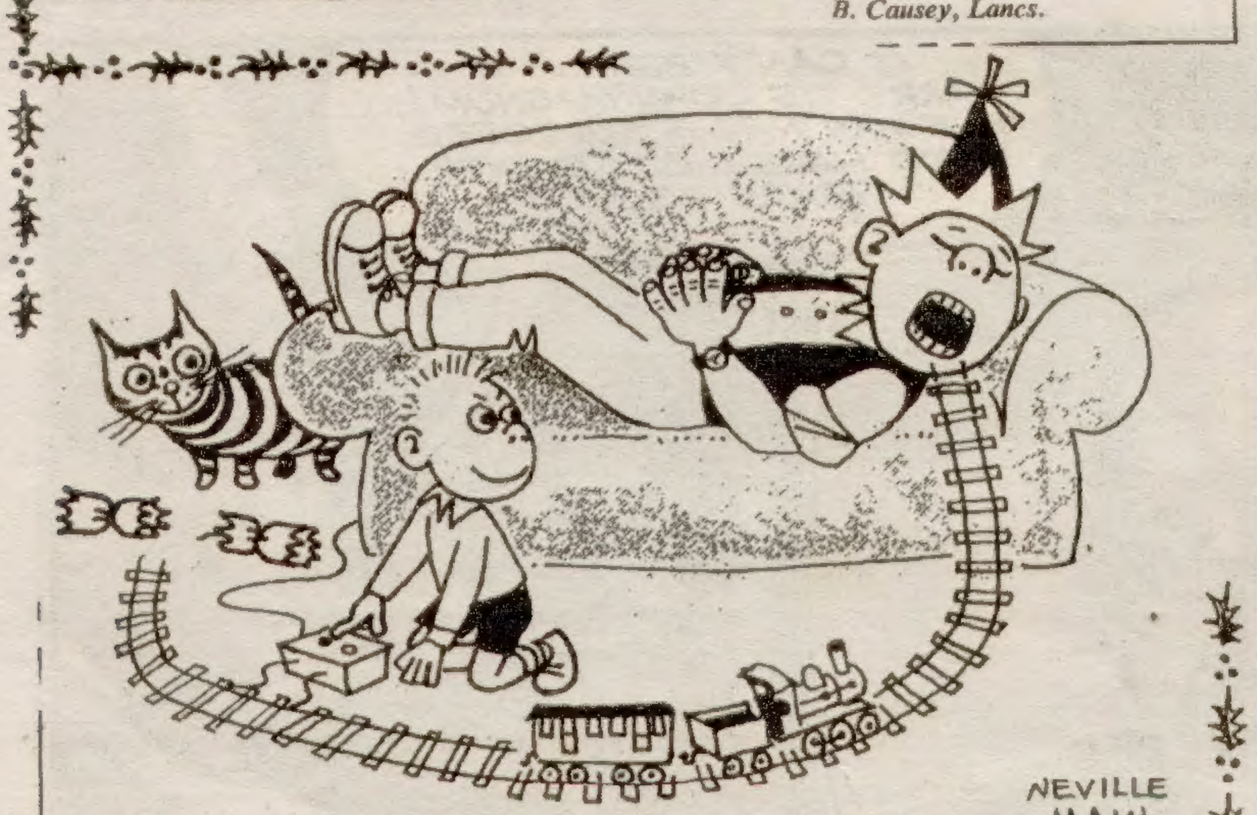
Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

J. Smith, Glasgow



A. Wingfield, Derbyshire

B. Causey, Lancs.



C. Terborg, Shropshire

NEVILLE MAIN

This is your Christmas box

Lots of people in the world don't get enough to eat. It's to help them have enough food that Oxfam are sending a family Box to your home this Christmas. Will you help your family to fill it? Put it under the Christmas tree or on the table where you're having Christmas dinner. The money you collect will make your Christmas present to a hungry family.

OXFAM

274 Banbury Road, Oxford

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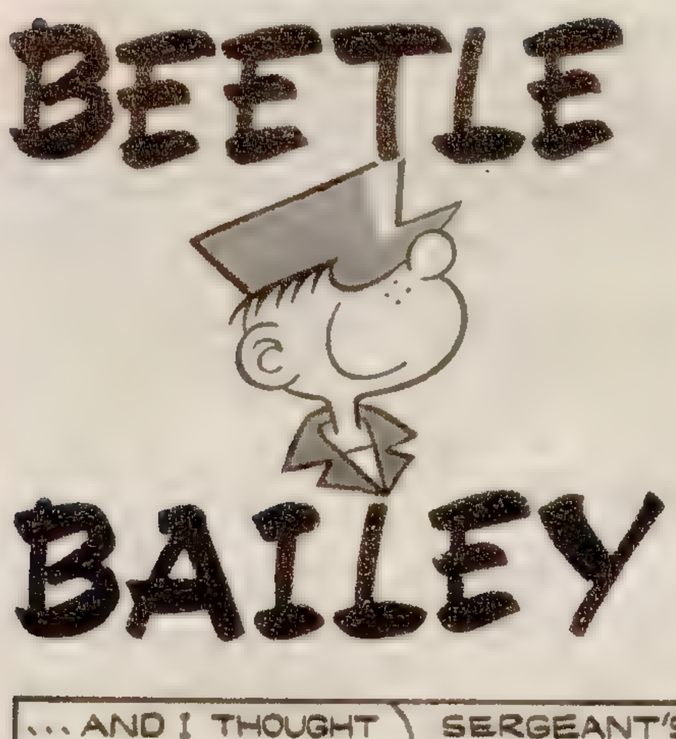
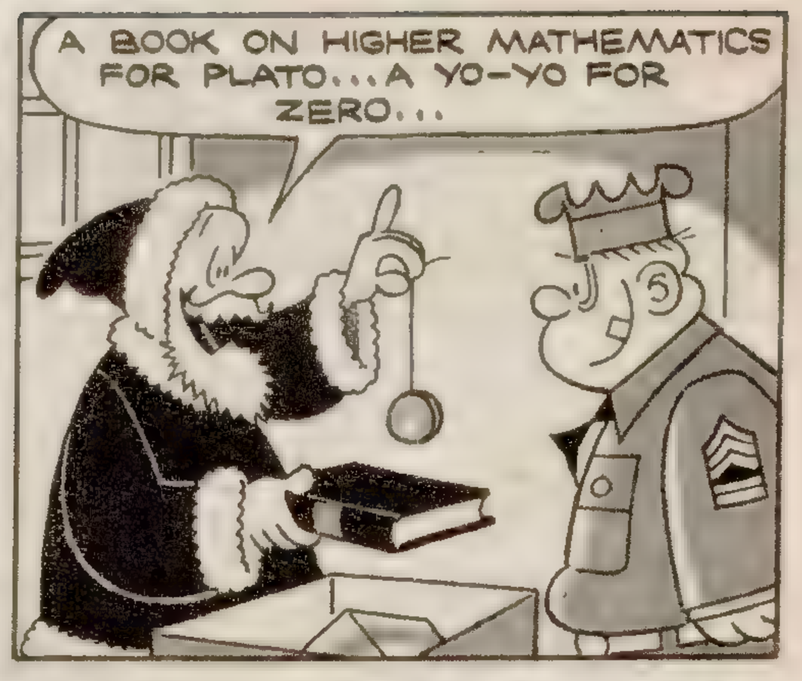
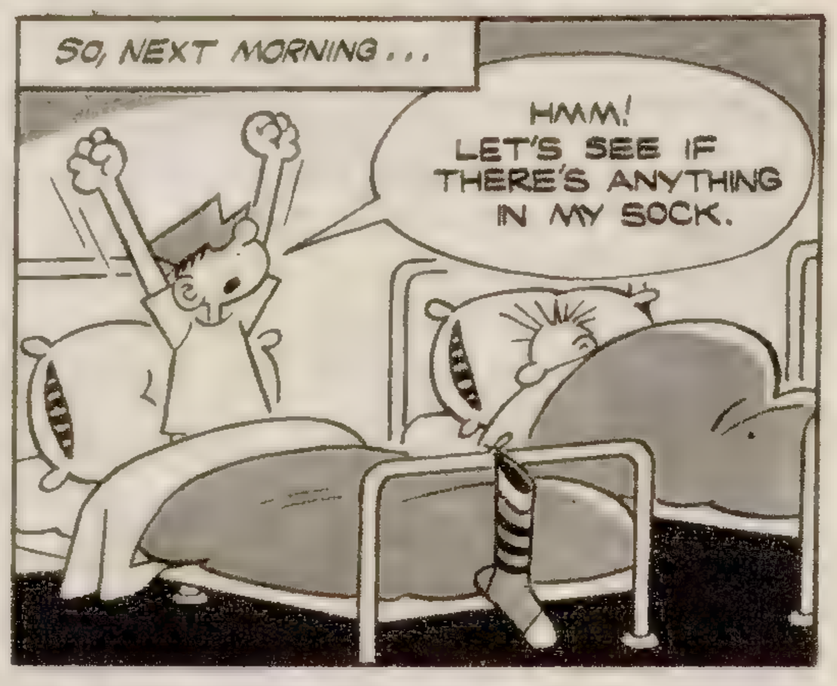
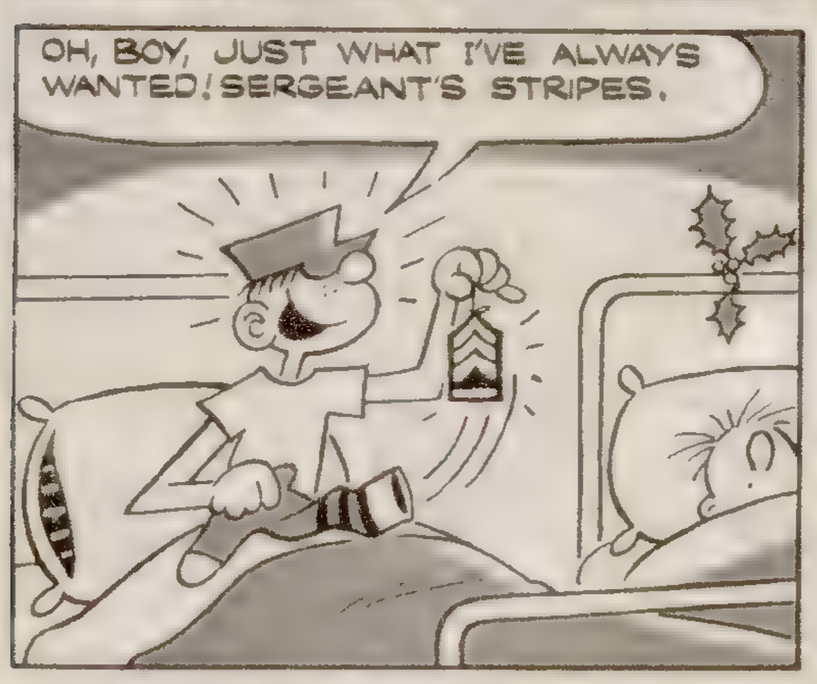
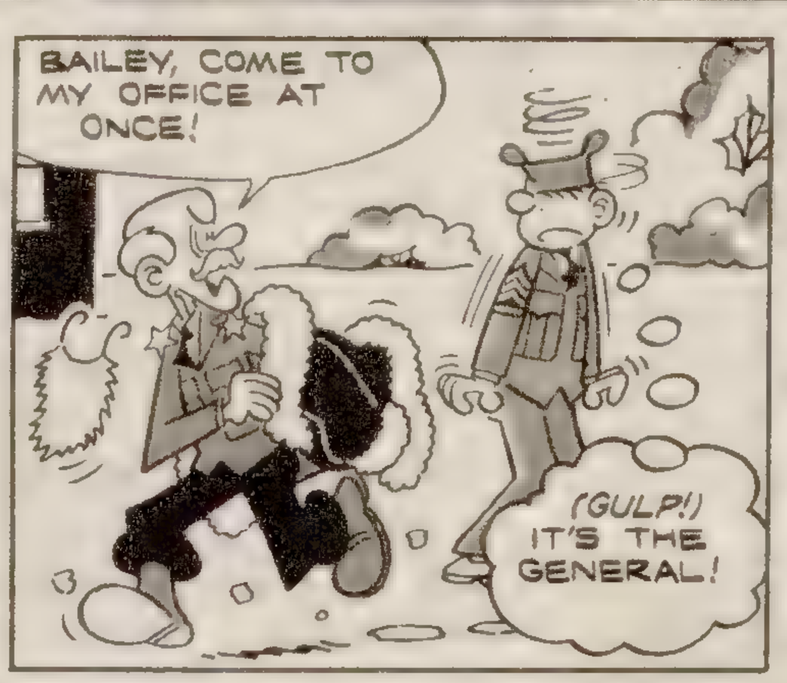
BEETLE BAILEY











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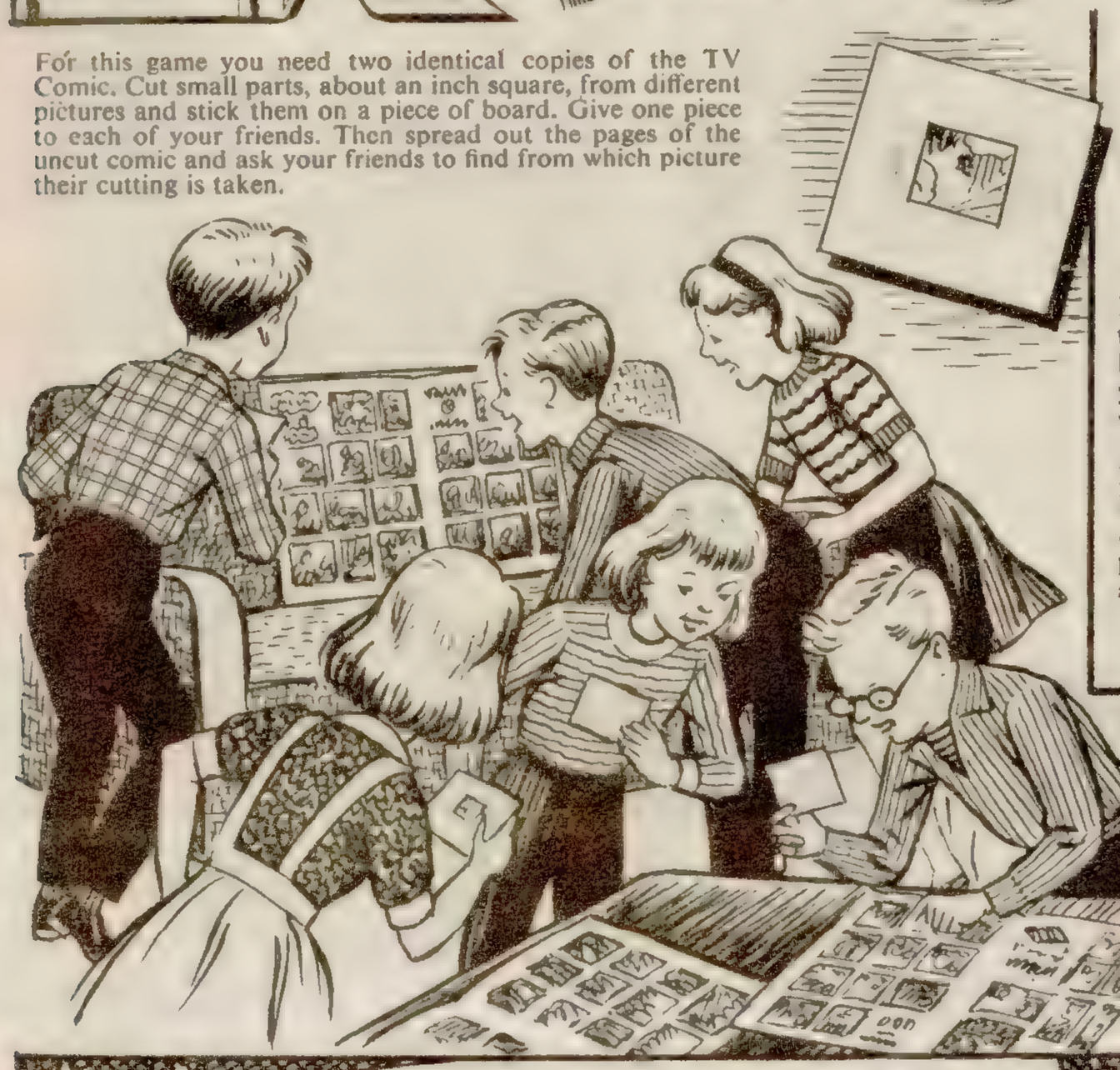
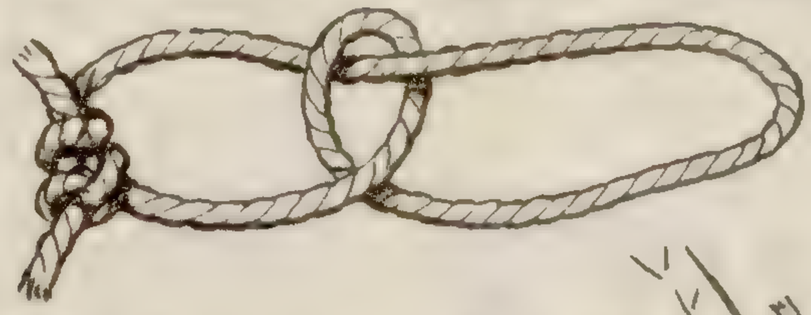
Next week, the camp of tramps!

Party Fun

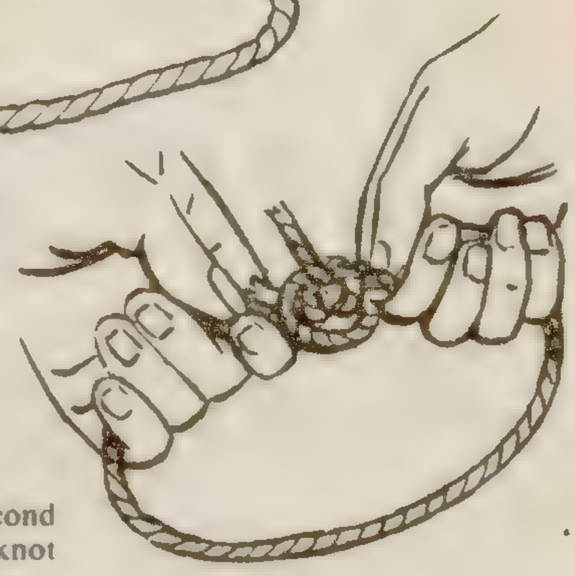
For this game you need two identical copies of the TV Comic. Cut small parts, about an inch square, from different pictures and stick them on a piece of board. Give one piece to each of your friends. Then spread out the pages of the uncut comic and ask your friends to find from which picture their cutting is taken.





Make a loose loop in some string, then tie the ends with two or three knots as in the first picture. Now ask your friends to remove the loop without untying the knots.

It is easy when you know how. Put it behind your back, guide the loop to the point where the knots are, and pull tight, as in the second picture. It will just make an extra knot and the loop will have disappeared.

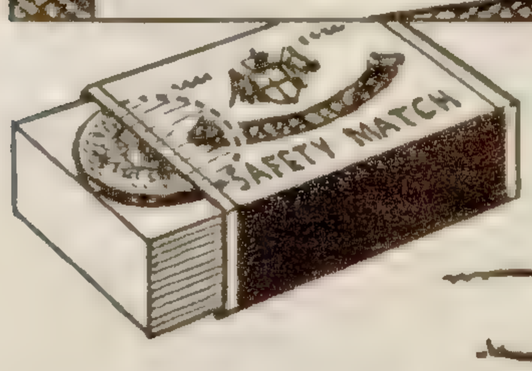


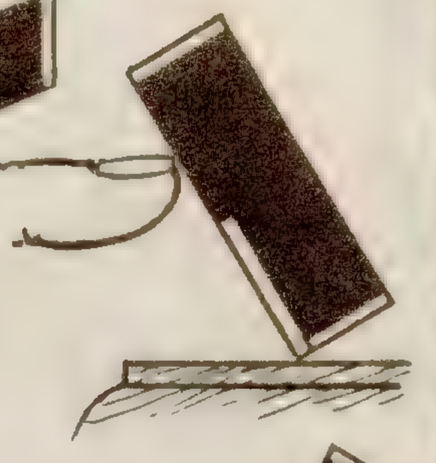
Ask someone to write down three different figures; then to reverse these figures and take the smaller number from the larger. Then to reverse these figures and add them, as in the example shown here. You do not have to know what figures are written down, but the answer will always be 1089.

751
157

594
495

Pour some water in a dinner plate and put in a coin as in the top picture. Now ask your friends if they can remove the water from around the coin without taking any water out of the plate. The second picture shows how this is done. Bend a match and support it in an upright position, with another coin. Then get an adult to light the match and cover with a tumbler: then see what happens.





Get a match-box with the same label on both sides. A halfpenny is inserted on the underneath of the box as in the first picture. The box is laid projecting over the edge of the table and can easily be lifted to an upright position, as in picture number two. Now invite a friend to do the same thing, but turn the box round so that the coin is in the position shown in the third picture, this time the box will fall over.

For this game you need a set of draughts and a button. One side takes the whites the other side takes the blacks. The button is placed on the floor about six feet away from the players. The players from each side take turns to try and get their draught to stop near the button. The side which has the draught nearest the button count one point. The first side to score thirteen points is the winner.

DR. NOLAN'S

TeleVarsity

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED

BUTCH, Bodger and Tom Ranger stood in the snow outside the old Manor House amazed at what they had seen. They had seen their friend Boodle seized by two men dressed in costumes belonging to a past century.

Boodle had been taken through the massive oaken doorway of the strange house and his pals were now wondering how they could rescue him.

In actual fact, there was quite a lot of rescue work to be done, for Dr. Nolan and the rest of the bus-load of boys from Televarsity had been trapped in a snowdrift. Tom and the pals had left the bus in the hope of finding assistance, but Boodle, going ahead of them, seemed to have been captured by these strangely-garbed figures.

Tom bent down suddenly and started unstrapping the make-shift snowshoes he was wearing.

"I don't know how we're going to do it," he grunted. "But the first job is to rescue poor old Boodle."

Butch and Bodger immediately followed Tom's example.

"Careful, now," he said, when they had got rid of their clumsy footgear. "Work up to one of those windows, and be ready to dodge if anybody comes out."

Together the three boys approached the strange old house.

The house was brilliantly lit. Light streamed from the windows.

When they were close up to the wall they found the windows were above them, so Tom made signs to the others to "make a back" for him. Bodger and Butch crouched slightly while Tom climbed on to their shoulders. In this way he was able to draw himself up slowly so that his eyes were just above the level of the window sill.

The room he looked into seemed to be a kind of large kitchen. At first it was all steamy, and he could see only a lot of strange figures. Red Cloak and Yellow Jerkin were there, and so was a tall knight in armour.

Then, all of a sudden, he spotted Boodle. And what did he see but Boodle thoroughly enjoying himself! Boodle could hardly have been having a better Christmas. He was seated at the end of a long wooden table which was absolutely loaded with things to eat.

But what startled Tom was the fact that Boodle did not seem like a prisoner. His "captors" were actually waiting on him.

Tom was so surprised he lost his balance. He started to wobble, and that was the end of things as far as Butch and Bodger were concerned. They couldn't stand a chap digging his feet into their shoulders. With faint gasps the pair collapsed, Tom landing on top of them so that they were all in a heap.

"You silly ass!" said Butch in muffled tones. "Gerroff my head."

"I'm sorry," Tom gasped. "But I couldn't help it. You'd never believe what I saw."

Rapidly he explained the scene in the old-fashioned kitchen.

At that moment there was a sound of tinkling bells. They were only tiny bells, jingling as though on some sort of harness, and around the corner came the most remarkable sight the pals had yet seen.

It was a real Father Christmas on a sledge. He was being pulled by an animal that looked like a reindeer, and the bells were dangling from the creature's antlers. Tom, Bodger and Butch just stood there staring as Father Christmas brought the sledge to a halt.

"Dear me!" he said. "Three more of you. You must get inside, boys . . . have something to warm you up."

Like fellows in a dream, the three pals allowed themselves to be led in through the oaken doorway. Once inside, where they could smell the food, Butch gave a faint yelp of excitement. He needed no pressing to get to work on a plate of roast turkey.

Tom and Bodger were almost as quick. After being out in the snow, they felt as though they were in paradise, and Tom was halfway through his turkey before he remembered Dr. Nolan and the boys in the coach.

"Oh, lor'!" he exclaimed. "They must be frozen."

"What's that?" cried Father Christmas.

"Our friends, sir," Tom cried. "I—I don't know who you are, or where you come from, but—but—"

"Dear me!" said Father Christmas, beaming. "We've not really introduced ourselves, have we? You'd better call me Uncle Mac. That's what I am, and these others are all my friends and relatives."

"That's right, son," said Red Cloak, who was really a Flight-Lieutenant in the R.A.F. "This is a Christmas party, and some of us are going to act in a play. Jimmy and I—" He waved a hand towards "Yellow Jerkin"—"were outside trying to remember our lines, when your friend here started yelling his head off."

"Jolly good job I did too," said Boodle, pausing for a moment over his Christmas pudding. "Otherwise we'd still have been freezing out in the snow. When we've all had something to eat, they're going to help us find Dr. Nolan and the coach."

The mystery was explained. Uncle Mac was the owner of the old Manor House, and he was giving a Christmas party. That was why he had the "Father Christmas" rig-out and the reindeer sleigh. Uncle Mac liked an old-fashioned Christmas. And his young nephews were helping him by giving a play from Shakespeare.

It was all very simple really, and Tom was greatly relieved. But when he thought of Dr. Nolan and the others, he felt he ought to be off at once.

"Don't worry, my boy," said Uncle Mac. "We'll find your coach all right. We've got dogs as well as a reindeer. And I don't think the snow has been heavy enough to destroy your trail."

"There's no need for you all to come," he said to the pals, "because we may have to load some of your friends on the sledge. You'll do," he added to Tom Ranger. "Jump up beside me."

Tom was thrilled. With the dogs leading the way, and "Red Cloak" and "Yellow Jerkin" carrying lanterns, the party set off in great style. The two young men were wearing real snowshoes, while Tom sat on the sledge with Uncle Mac.

The wind howled round them as they left the shelter of the old house. The house had been built on a hill, which was why it had not suffered greatly from the drifts.

"It must be a lot deeper now than it was when we left," he exclaimed.

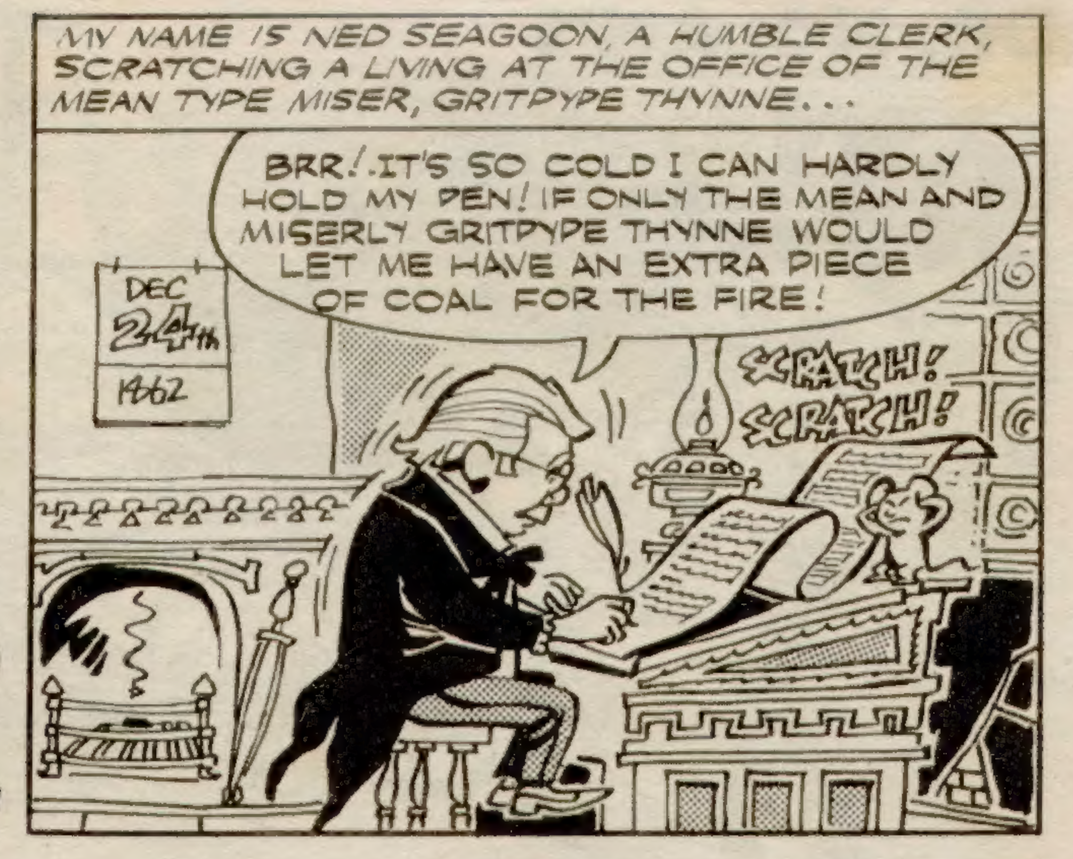
"I don't know how you left at all," replied Uncle Mac. "I give you full marks for it. Jolly good show. But don't worry about your friends. Those dogs are on the scent. and they'll dig their way through anything."

Don't miss this exciting story in next week's TV COMIC

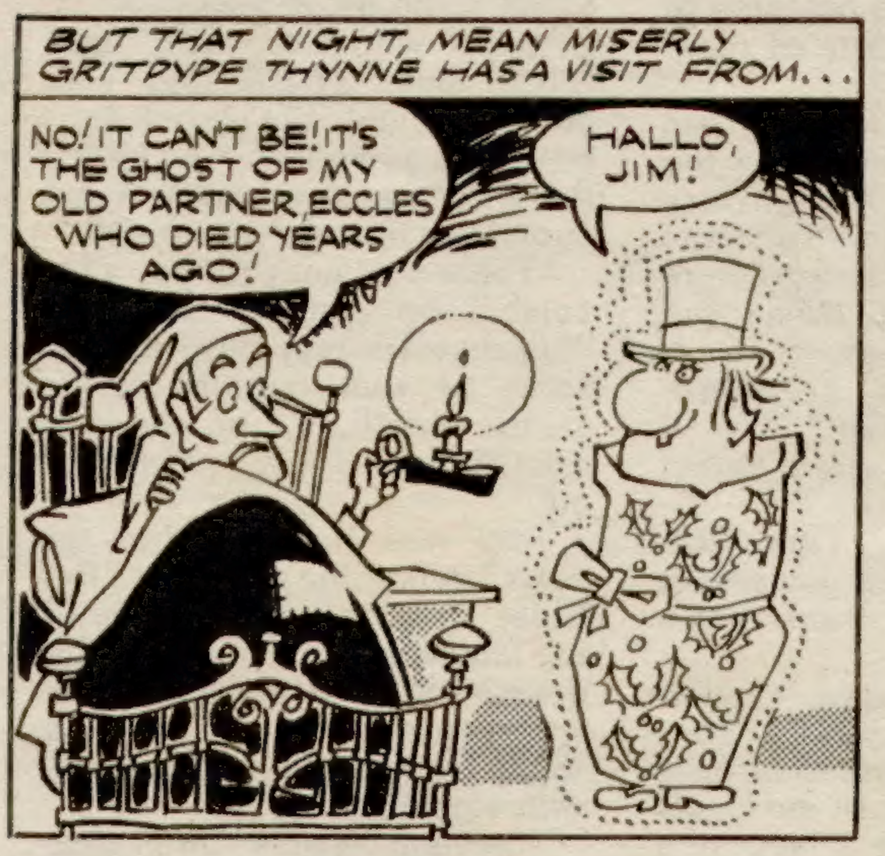
THE TELEGOONS

IN

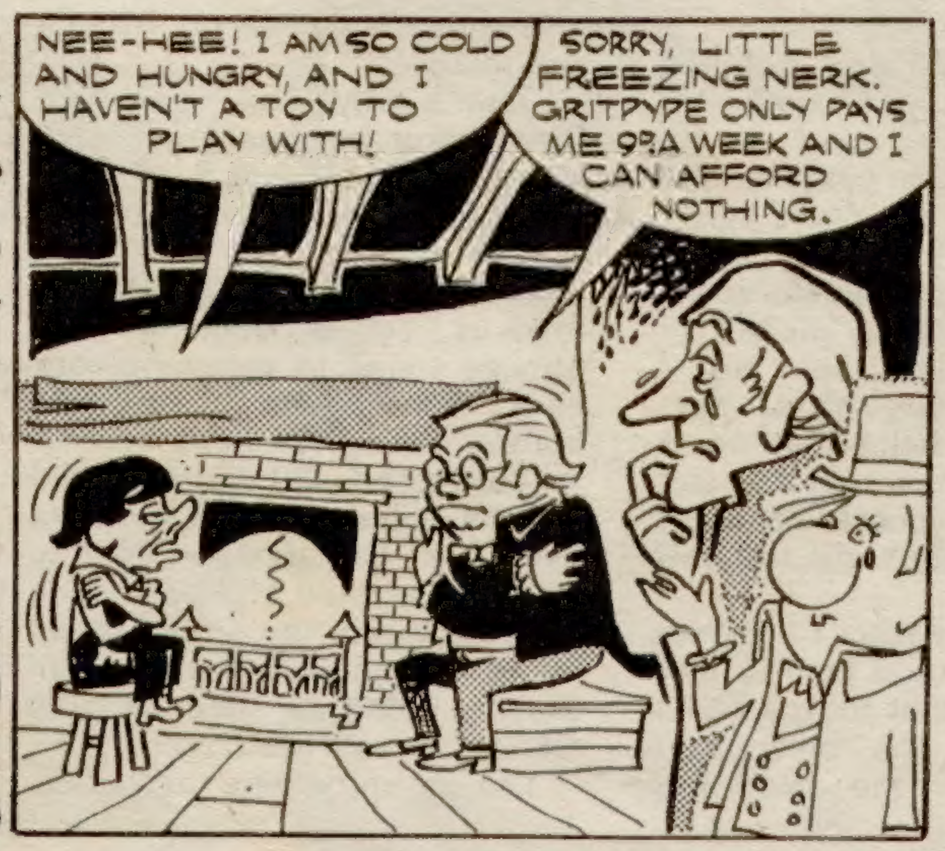
A DICKENS OF A CHRISTMAS


MY NAME IS NED SEAGOON, A HUMBLE CLERK, SCRATCHING A LIVING AT THE OFFICE OF THE MEAN TYPE MISER, GRITPYPE THYNNE...
BRR!.IT'S SO COLD I CAN HARDLY HOLD MY PEN! IF ONLY THE MEAN AND MISERLY GRITPYPE THYNNE WOULD LET ME HAVE AN EXTRA PIECE OF COAL FOR THE FIRE!
DEC 24th 1962
SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

BY THE WAY, SEAGOON, YOU WERE 14½ SECONDS LATE THIS MORNING! MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN TOMORROW!
BUT, SIR, TOMORROW IS CHRISTMAS DAY!


BUT THAT NIGHT, MEAN MISERLY GRITPYPE THYNNE HAS A VISIT FROM...
NO! IT CAN'T BE! IT'S THE GHOST OF MY OLD PARTNER, ECCLES WHO DIED YEARS AGO!
HALLO, JIM!

BUT WHY ARE YOU WRAPPED IN FANCY PAPER AND TIED WITH RIBBON?
'COS I'M THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT, AND ALL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS ARE WRAPPED IN FANCY PAPER AND TIED WITH RIBBON!


NEE-HEE! I AM SO COLD AND HUNGRY, AND I HAVEN'T A TOY TO PLAY WITH!
SORRY, LITTLE FREEZING NERK. GRITPYPE ONLY PAYS ME 9p A WEEK AND I CAN AFFORD NOTHING.

IT'S BEANS ON TOAST FOR OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER TOMORROW, LAD, BUT AS A SPECIAL TREAT I'LL STICK A BIT OF HOLLY ON TOP!
BOO-HOO! TAKE ME AWAY ECCLES, I CAN STAND NO MORE OF IT!

CHRISTMAS MORNING...

SEAGOON, FORGIVE ME. I NOW REALISE WHAT A MEAN, MISERLY, NASTY OLD MAN I'VE BEEN.

BILL TITCOMBE.

I WILL NOW MAKE IT ALL UP TO YOU!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE ME THE DAY OFF AND BUY TURKEY, PUDDING, MINCE PIES AND TOYS FOR TINY BLUBOTTLE AND ME?

NO, BUT I'M GOING TO LET YOU HAVE THAT EXTRA LUMP OF COAL FOR THE FIRE!

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH THE STORY, FOLKS. GRITPYPE THYNNE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE SEEN WHAT AN OLD MEANY HE IS, AND BECOME A NICE KIND GENT.

IF MY MAGIC BALL POINT PEN WON'T WORK, I'LL HAVE TO USE FORCE!

SO...

YUG!

ERK!

OKAY, SEAGOON, YOU CAN TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF!

YIPEE! NOW I CAN GET HOME TO TINY BLUEBOTTLE AND PREPARE HIS BEANS ON TOAST!

MEANWHILE...

WE'LL HAVE A HUGE TURKEY, PUDDINGS, MINCE PIES AND ALL THE TOYS IN THE SHOP.

LATER...

K-NOCK! K-NOCK!

IT'S MY BOSS WITH A HOST OF CHRISTMAS GOODIES!

WHAT A SUPER CHRISTMAS!

YES, THANKS TO THE NICE, KIND, GRITPYPE THYNNE. ARE YOU SURE YOU WON'T EAT A MINCE PIE?

MMMPH!

Happy Old Year in next week's Telegoons!

The MILKY BAR KID

THE Milky Bar Kid's horse, Scout, is very ill and the children are waiting for Doc to arrive . . .

COUSIN! IT'S DOC! HE'S ARRIVED!

OH, DOC, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! DO SOMETHING, DOC— DO SOMETHING!

OKAY, SON, BUT LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT SCOUT FIRST!

HHHMM! PRETTY BAD CHILL! BUT I THINK WE'VE A PILL THAT WILL HELP!

USING A BLOW-PIPE DOC GENTLY SHOOTS THE PILL TO THE BACK OF SCOUT'S THROAT...

THAT NIGHT...

ALL WE CAN DO NOW IS WAIT... TONIGHT WILL BE CRISIS TIME!

PA! DOC! COME QUICKLY!

HE'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT, SON. BUT YOU AND HE HAVE BEEN MIGHTY LUCKY. DON'T NEGLECT TO RUB HIM DOWN AGAIN. NEXT TIME HE COULD DIE!

HE'S UP! DOC, HE'S UP!

THAT GOES FOR ALL YOU FOLK WHO HAVE PONIES! WELL, NOW SCOUT'S OKAY, I'M GONNA GET SOME SLEEP. SEE YOU NEXT WEEK!

More Milky Bar Kid thrills next week